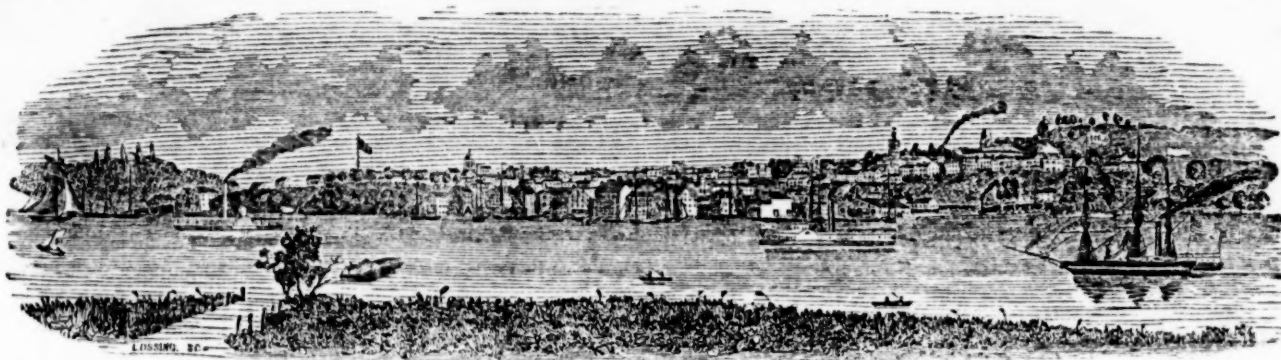


RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXII.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1845.

NUMBER 5.

OLIVER CROMWELL.



OLIVER CROMWELL, the celebrated protector of England, was born of a very respectable family at Huntingdon, 25th April, 1599. He received his education in the grammar-school of his native town, and in 1616 was admitted as fellow commoner at Sidney college, Cambridge. He did not however here pay much attention to academical studies, as foot-ball, cricket, and other exercises, were more congenial to his pursuits, and therefore his mother, now become a widow, sent him in 1618 to Lincoln's-Inn. Irregularities here prevailed, and licentious and intemperate pleasures engaged his attention more than the law, till at last when 21 he married Elizabeth the daughter of Sir James Boucher of Essex, and retired to lead a regular life at Huntingdon. Here he soon became a zealous puritan. His first appearance in parliament was in 1625. Three years before the meeting of the Long Parliament, in which memorable assembly he sat for Cambridge, he meditated emigrating to America, in company with Hampden and other gentlemen of the same principles as himself, but he was prevented

by a proclamation of the government. That proclamation the misguided monarch had abundant reason to repent. Cromwell was active against him in the House; and, when the Commons resolved on resistance, he raised a troop of horse, which he disciplined in an admirable manner. This force he soon enlarged to a regiment of a thousand men, at the head of which he became the most conspicuous of the parliamentary leaders. Between 1642 and 1646, he signalized himself on a great variety of occasions, particularly at Marston Moor, Newbury, Naseby, and Torrington. In the negotiations which ensued between the king and the victorious parliament, Cromwell was at first disposed to consent to restoring Charles under certain conditions, but, finding that the royal captive was not to be trusted, he resolved to join in bringing him to the block. He was one of the forty persons who, after the death of Charles, formed the Council of State. Ireland yet remained to be subdued. Cromwell was, therefore, appointed lord governor of that island for three years, and in August, 1646, he

sailed to assume the command. Storming Drogheda and Wexford with horrible slaughter of the garrisons, he so terrified the enemy, that in nine months peace was restored. In 1650, he defeated the Scots at Dunbar; and, in the following year, he obtained what he called his "crowning victory" over Charles at Worcester. One step more sufficed to place him at the summit of power. Having by force dissolved the Long Parliament, he assumed the supreme authority, in 1653, under the title of Lord Protector. The title of king he was more than once desirous to obtain, but was deterred from assuming it by the dread of alienating his partisans. At the end of the year 1657 his fears were alarmed by the publication of "killing no murder," a pamphlet by colonel Titus, which directed against him the dagger of every bold assassin, and in 1658 he felt not a little disappointment at the conduct of his parliament, which he addressed as composed of lords and commons, in the usual language of the kings of England, though none of the ancient nobility condescended to appear among them. The severe agitations of his mind at last undermined the powers of his constitution, and his deportment became altered, he grew reserved and suspicious, and the attacks of a slow fever, though at first not alarming proved fatal, 3d September, 1658. Though an usurper and a tyrant, Cromwell possessed great powers of mind, and contributed much to the prosperity of the nation.

T A L E S.

THE SILVER BOTTLE:

OR

The Adventures of "Little Marlboro'" In Search of His Fortune.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Written for the "Uncle Sam" by PROFESSOR INGRAHAM,
author of "The Quadroon," "Lafitte," "The Dancing
Feather," &c.

CHAPTER XII.

London, July 8, 1844.

I DEPARTED from Boston in the Acadia Steamship the Monday following the close of the last chapter of my narration, and arrived here in safety three days ago. I have already stated that by the generosity of my kind foster-mother, Dame Darwell, I was amply provided with means to prosecute my

search. According to my promise the reader shall now hear of my progress in a series of letters which I shall transmit to them in recompense for their indulgence in following me thus far in my narrative.

Having, as has been seen, exhausted all my resources of information in the United States, there remained no alternative but to cross the Atlantic. My readers will probably remember on what proofs I hoped to find some trace of my parentage; but I will here recapitulate them:—First: was the Silver Nursery Bottle which was discovered lying in the bed of the "Court Chamber," with me, with its crest of an eagle treading upon a serpent; and beneath the crest a cypher—the single letter "M."

Second: This crest was also upon the harness and carriage and the initial was upon the brass plate of a trunk behind the carriage! These facts of coincidence showed that the bottle must have belonged to the persons in the carriage, and consequently that both the bottle and myself had been left in the Court Chamber by these strangers.

Third: I had traced the carriage to the carriage-maker's in Philadelphia and there obtained the original drawing of the crest; and I had discovered at the hotel that the purchaser of the carriage had entered his name as "F. R. Marlborough;" (a singular coincidence with my own!) for as these were the initials on the back of the letter upon which the device of the crest had been drawn by the stranger for the coach-painter, there was no question of the identity of one with the other.

Fourth: The discovery of the old English trunk was a circumstance that I deemed an important item in my array of discoveries; as it, without doubt, confirmed my long conceived opinion that I should yet have to look to England for my parents.

Fifth: There was the name of the maker of the Silver Bottle on which I placed great hopes. It was "Beufort & Co. Lon—."

Sixth: The crest, if belonging to an English family, could without doubt be found at the Herald office, and by this means the family which claimed it might be discovered!

These were the slight grounds upon which I based my hopes of discovering my parents, and which have led me to cross the Atlantic in search of them. I am now in London! My hopes are buoyant. I feel I shall yet succeed! At least I am determined never to cease my efforts to find those to whom I owe my birth. I have been two days in London. But the fatigue and excitement of my journey and of reaching the field of my labors has kept me confined to my room until this morning. I have been engaged all the forenoon in making my plans. The Herald office cannot be visited on business until next Wednesday and it is now Friday. I should first wish to visit that, but I cannot wait so long an interval. I have, therefore, sent a servant for a directory from one of the libraries to examine it for the name of "Beufort & Co." the makers of the Silver Bottle. The servant has just returned.

4 P. M. I have examined the directory for this and those for seven years back without finding the firm. I find several of the name of Berfort both alone and with partners, but none of the firm of "Beufort & Co." I have despatched a messenger for a bound catalogue of the trade published, as I learn, by the company of Silver Smith's of the city of London, and extending back in volumes for more than a century. I have sent for the volume of twenty-five years ago.

The man has just returned from "The Silver Smiths Arms," informing me that books are not suffered to leave the library, but that I can call and refer to them. I shall at once proceed to the Hall for this purpose.

8 P. M. I left the house guided by the messenger, for London is labyrinth to me, and reached the Silver Smith's Hall after half an hour's walk. I was guided up a broad flight of steps into a vestibule, where sat an old man who acted as door-keeper. On informing him of my wishes, he asked me if I had a ticket of admission. I replied in the negative.

"You cannot be admitted without a ticket of permission, sir," he said.

"Of whom am I to obtain this?"

"Of the President of the Company."

While I was undecided what to do, a gentleman advanced in years came up the stairs and was about to enter, when observing my perplexity, for he had overheard what had passed, he said to me politely,

"You are a stranger I perceive, sir!"

"Yes, sir. An American."

"You may enter, sir, with me. Can I be of service to you?"

"My business in coming here," I answered, "was to examine the volume of the Silver Smith's Company for about twenty-four or five years ago!"

"You will find them arrayed on yonder shelf, sir. Whose name can you wish to search for, of a date so long back?"

"That of Beufort & Co."

"That is my own firm!" he said looking at me fixedly.

"Your own firm?" I repeated with gratified surprise.

"Yes, sir. I am the Senior partner of that House!"

"I could not find it on the directory for the last seven years!"

"No, sir. It is twelve years since I withdrew my name from the firm; it is now "Walley & Beufort," my son and son-in-law! I should have said I *was* instead of *am* the Senior partner!"

I was so greatly agitated for a few moments after this singularly and securing providential discovery, that I could not speak. I trembled and had to place my hand against a column for support. He observed my emotion and said with alarm,

"What! are you becoming ill, sir?"

"No—no, sir! It is all over. It was only my surprise at meeting you so singularly for whom I was seeking—whom I crossed the Atlantic almost purposely to see!"

"Crossed the Atlantic to see me!" he exclaimed with intense astonishment. "What can you have with me to come so far? I do not remember ever to have seen you—yet, now I look at you more closely, your features seem some familiar!"

"You can never have seen me before, sir! I have come to see you and ask you what (I said coloring at the seeming trivial nature of the subject) I fear you will regard as a trifling question, but one which is full of the deepest import to me!"

"Well, sir, speak!" he said gravely, seeing that I paused, and looking at me as if he suspected I was not exactly in a state of mental soundness.

"Do you remember having sold some twenty-five years ago, a silver nursing bottle?"

He smiled; but answered benevolently,

"I dare say I have, sir, a good many of them. In those days I know we manufactured them!"

"You stamped them with the name of your firm—Beufort & Co?"

"Yes. But why do you ask?"

"I have a motive, sir, if you will indulge me! Did you ever sell such an article to a person by the name of Marlborough?"

I hung upon his reply. He looked as if he was trying to recollect, and then answered slowly,

"Not that I remember. My books, however, will show!"

"Can you refer to them easily?"

"Yes, sir. But this would hardly seem necessary!"

"I owe you a thousand apologies, sir, but it is very necessary I should ascertain this. When I tell you, sir, that I am a foster-child and abandoned by my parents in infancy and that the only clue I have to my parentage, is a silver nursing bottle which they left with me, stamped with your name, I am assured, sir, you will excuse my zeal and overlook the trouble I give you!"

"And is this true that you are such a child and in possession of such a bottle?"

"Yes, sir! Here it is!" I said taking it from my pocket and then from two envelopes (the inner one being the leaf from the music book with the tune of "Little Marlboro'," upon it, in which the baby linen had been wrapped) and handing it to him. He took it and said immediately.

"This is certainly one of my manufacture, with my stamp upon it! From its shape I know it to be one of the earliest that we made. I am ready to assist you, sir, if you can tell me how I can do so?"

"If you will do me the honor to listen to me, sir, I will tell you all my past history and my hopes of the future!"

"I will cheerfully hear you. Here are two chairs!"

I then gave him a brief yet sufficiently minute account of the facts the reader is already familiar with, up to the time of my embarking for England. He listened with the profoundest attention and at times with emotion he did not attempt to disguise. When I had ended he said, grasping my hand,

"Sir, your narrative has deeply interested my feelings. I am obliged to you for narrating it to me. I agree with you that your search must be now continued in England; and you have my prayers for your success. I believe you will succeed. You shall have all the aid I can give you! The facts you bring to bear upon the search before you, are, as far as they go, of importance. They are, however, in themselves nothing unless you can connect each link that follows with its fellow. You deserve all praise for your perseverance. Come with me, sir, to my counting-room where my books are and we will examine them. I was always in the habit of making a record of each day's sales and to whom, if I knew the persons!"

From the Silver Smith's Hall I went with him in his own carriage which had been waiting for him at the door of the Hall, to his counting-room. It was in the rear of a magnificent establishment for the sale of silver wares. We passed through this glittering room and entered his counting-room, which he seemed to keep only to preserve his habits of business. There was at the desk an aged clerk almost as venerable as Mr. Beufort himself.

"Jacob, turn to ledger B—date 1818, and see if there is such a name entered upon it as F. R. Marlborough!" said his master as he laid down his hat and stick and seated himself in his arm-

chair. I was too nervous to accept the seat he offered me, but stood waiting to see what Jacob would discover.

The old clerk having found the huge volume, dusted it and run his eye over the alphabetical list at length arrested his finger upon the letter "M." He then run over the names beginning with this letter murmuring "Marl—Marl—Marl," in a half-tone as his eye traveled down the column. I watched him with intense anxiety. At length at the very bottom of the page he placed his fore finger upon a name and emphatically pronounced the word "Marlborough."

"You've found it!" cried Mr. Beufort half rising up in his chair.

"Yes sir. *Marlborough F. R.* page 319," he said in a formal tone.

"Turn to it quickly," I said, impatient at his mechanical formality.

He tossed back the heavy leaves of the folio and laid open the page named. I was instantly looking over his shoulder. It showed an account opened by the House of Beufort & Co. with Ferdinand R. Marlborough. I ran my eye rapidly over the items, which were a score in number. *Among others was a "Silver Bottle!"* I uttered an exclamation of joy and announced it to Mr. Beufort. He came and looked over the book.

"Extraordinary! Wonderful coincidence! Providence has taken this matter up, young man! Persevere and you will ultimately succeed! Your Silver Bottle will yet make your fortune! Strange, indeed!"

"Have you any recollection of this Mr. Marlborough?" I asked earnestly.

"I am trying to think. I have had so many customers that I am not sure that I recollect him. Do you know who it was, Jacob?"

"He was quite a young man I recollect, sir. I sold him most of these articles myself."

"Can you describe his appearance?" asked Mr. Beufort.

"He was about the height of this young gentleman, sir, and—(here he looked at me with a sudden gaze of surprise) I never saw two more alike, sir! It is surprising, sir," he added looking at me and bowing, "the astonishing resemblance between you and Mr. Marlborough!"

I exchanged looks with Mr. Beufort who looked very much excited with the most pleasurable emotions. "Your case is brightening, sir," he said to me.

I was silent. I was too deeply moved to open my lips to express what I felt. I trembled between hope and fear.

"What family did he belong to, Jacob?" asked Mr. Beufort.

"I cannot say, sir, though I have no doubt he was one of the nobility. He used to call in a tilbury when he came alone; but when he came with his lady her carriage had a crest of an eagle strangling a snake!"

"The very same!" I exclaimed almost wild with my feelings.

"And he had a wife, Jacob?"

"Yes, Mr. Beufort. A young wife!"

"Let me see the dates," he said looking at the account. "His bill begins January first with the purchase of a diamond necklace and a set of bridal pearls, doubtless for new-year's or wedding gifts. The silver bottle was bought December 20th."

"The bottle I sold to the lady. She came alone

in her carriage. I recollect the circumstances from her wishing the crest and the initial 'M' engraved upon it!"

"Your memory is not only tenacious, Jacob, but very valuable just now!"

"I always had a good memory, sir. I can recollect biting my fingers with my first teeth!"

"I dare say, Jacob. You have shown evidences of it now. Is that the bottle you sold the lady?" Jacob took it and examined it closely.

"Yes, sir," he answered confidently.

"It is one of ours; but is it the identical one?"

"Yes, sir. I know it by the crest. I engraved it myself!"

"Then the matter is settled," said Mr. Beufort, looking at me and smiling with gratification. "We have now to find out who Mr. Marlborough was, and it is my opinion that will amount to the same thing as finding out your parents, sir!—You have clearly proved them to be English, I think! The next step to be taken is to the Herald's office!"

"It is closed," I said in a tone of disappointment.

"Not so that admittance cannot be obtained on application to the proper quarter. Come and breakfast with me at No. — Terrace, at nine to-morrow, and we will then proceed together to the Herald's office!"

This good man then drove me to my lodgings, where I have now written the progress of events up to this hour. My next letter will make known the result of my visit to the "Herald's Hall."

Yours truly,

LITTLE MARLBORO'.

CHAPTER XIII.

London, — 1844.

I have just returned from a visit to the Herald's Hall and with a beating heart and trembling fingers I proceed to write what has transpired before I leave London, which I shall do at day-light in a Post Chaise.

It will be remembered that I was about to proceed to the Herald's office with Mr. Beufort who was to make use of his personal influence to obtain admittance for me. To this gentleman I feel under the profoundest obligations of gratitude.—From the first moment in which I made him acquainted with my story he has taken the deepest interest in my researches; and has voluntarily and most kindly offered to aid me not only with his influence, and experience, but with money, should I at any time require it. But thanks to my kind foster-mother, good Dame Darwell, I am amply provided with means to meet every possible contingency.

I left my rooms this morning at ten, and entering Mr. Beufort's carriage, which he had sent to receive me, I drove to his handsome mansion on — Terrace. He received me at the door and said he would be at leisure in a few minutes to accompany me to the Hall, and that in the meanwhile his wife and daughter would entertain me. Thereupon he ushered me into a pleasant withdrawing-room opening from the breakfast-room and presented me to Mrs. Beufort and her daughter, an accomplished and exceedingly lovely young lady of eighteen years of age, whose features at once reminded me of Emma Field, a young person no doubt still remembered by my readers as she will ever be by me! Indeed this beautiful girl is ever visible to the eye of my imagination whenever I look into the future! It is she who inspires me to action—to persevere in establishing my birth! It is for her that I would be honored and esteemed! If I should hear to-day that she was no more, or what would be as her

death to me, married to another, I feel persuaded my energies would be paralyzed and that I should be indifferent to the result of my researches after my family. If I gain honors it is to lay them at her feet! If I gain wealth it is to share it with her! And without her both would alike be valueless to me!

I could not help betraying some confusion and surprise at the resemblance I discovered to Emma in Miss Beufort; a resemblance rather of air and general manner than of feature. The sight of her revived all my emotions of love for the absent, and I could not withdraw my eyes from her; till, at length, I discovered that she was embarrassed by my fixed regards. I immediately apologised to her, saying that she so surprisingly resembled an American friend of mine that I could offer no other excuse for my inadvertent gazing. She smiled, and we entered into a conversation upon my fortunes, of which they were previously informed by Mr. Beufort. I could see by Miss Beufort's eyes that she wished I might succeed in discovering my parentage and that she sympathized with me in my situation of doubt and uncertainty. My conversation with Miss Beufort only deepened my tender recollections of her whom she so forcibly recalled to my mind, and inspired me with new ardor in my pursuit of that happiness and honor I hoped one day to share with Emma.

"Ah, my young friend, so you are agreeably entertaining the ladies, I see! *Perhaps* we are entertaining a Prince," added he, smiling pleasantly. "Well, sir, now if you are ready!"

"If my parents prove honest and respectable I shall be satisfied, even if I find them in humble life," I answered, understanding his allusion.

We entered the luxurious carriage of the wealthy Silver-Smith, two liveried footmen behind, and the coach rolled with a rapid and easy motion through the crowded streets of London. We crossed the Strand and after a little while landed in front of a stately edifice, seemingly of great antiquity. Alighting at the grand entrance, we passed into a large vestibule at the extremity of which was a flight of dark oaken steps with carved bannisters. At the top was a sort of open terrace leading upon a lone balcony, in which by a door sat in a carved Gothic arm-chair a man in a Herald's surcoat, who was the porter of the Hall. To him Mr. Beufort handed a ticket signed by the nobleman who regulated the affairs of the Herald's Hall.

"You may enter, gentlemen! It is correct!" he answered, after peering closely at the signature and seal through a pair of iron spectacles that looked as if they might have been worn by one of the Herald's of the day of the Conqueror.

We entered a vast hall of Gothic architecture, lighted by a stained window at either extremity. It was the most remarkable apartment I ever entered, and I remained a few moments gazing around me. The ceiling was pointed and formed of groups of light arches supported by columns springing free from the floor thirty feet in height. The arches, pillars and walls were all a dark gray, having the appearance of stone; and the original hue had become changed by time, in many places deep black. The effect was singularly venerable and impressive. Along the roof were suspended hundred of banners bearing all sorts of quaint devices, and presenting a beautiful and strange mingling of gay colours. Some of these banners were very old, and torn doubtless in battle. Along the walls of the Hall, beneath this canopy of sus-

pendent banners, were arranged rows of shields of every shape, and size, and degree of antiquity, this side of the Conquest. Some of them had become perfectly black with age, others were coated with rust; and many glittered and shone as if newly varnished. I noticed that all of them, where they were not so much defaced as to render it impossible for any thing to be discerned upon the surface, were carved or else inlaid with devices of Heraldry. On some were delineated complete and elaborate coats of arms, by means of gold inserted in grooves cut into the metal. Most of the shields were battered and indented, and in one I saw imbedded the end of a broken pike-head.

Upon the opposite side of the Hall were arranged casques and helmets with and without visors; and standing around the apartment were numerous complete suits of armour *cap-a-pie*, as if enveloping the bodies of stalworth knights.

Seeing my curiosity in observing all this, Mr. Beufort said,

"You are here in the repository of the insignia of English family honors. There is not a family in the land of any descent that is not represented in this Hall by some appropriate device belonging to its name and inheritance. Here the history of every old British family is recorded from its remotest origin, and many of them extend their line beyond the Conquest to Norman lineage. Here are to be found not only their histories, but the causes are recorded which led to the destruction of each!"

As he spoke one of the ushers of the Hall approached us, and overhearing Mr. Beufort's words, said courteously, after saluting us.

"Yes; there is not a family above the rank of a simple baron whose name and lineage is not here on record with a copy of his arms, and how he came by them. There now," he said, directing our attention to the rows of shields, "is a shield bearing simply for its device a rook. It is the device of the noble family of Rookley, the founder of which was wounded in battle and lay perishing in a copse where he had fallen under the weight of his armour; but who was saved by a rook which lighting upon a tree above him made such a strange clamor that his followers were led to approach the tree to destroy it, when the Knight was found lying beneath it nearly dead. He afterwards, in commemoration of his preservation, took the name of Rookley and adopted this device upon his shield!—There is a shield with a lance's head sticking in it. It is the device of the De Lance family. The founder was a gigantic soldier in the battle of Croissy, and singly defended his king with this shield against a score of Cavaliers, all of whom shivered their lances against it, and the last piercing it broke it in the metal as you see. The soldier saved the king's life, protecting him till succor arrived, and was knighted, adopting the lance head for his Heraldic device and designation!"

Interesting as these chivalrous reminiscences were, I was too impatient to learn if I was in any ways interested in the records of the Hall of Herald's to listen with undivided attention. My eyes were roaming over the multitude of shields and banners with the wild hope of possibly seeing that device which had become so indelibly engraven upon my memory. Mr. Beufort seeing my impatience and referring it to the true cause, said,

"We have visited the Hall this morning, sir, to ascertain if there is an English family which claims a device which we bear with us!"

"If the family is English we will ascertain for you, sir," answered the usher.

He then led the way into an inner room, the walls of which were piled with old *tomes* and manuscripts on parchment. Writing tables of black wood were standing in the middle of the apartment which was hung round with numerous frames containing on a small scale hundreds of coats of arms, crests and cyphers, with numbers labelled upon each. Upon the table, over which was laid a scarlet cloth curiously embroidered with silver and gold threads, and containing in the centre the arms of the kingdom gorgeously done in needle work, and in brilliant colours, was an enormous volume of immense thickness and bearing marks of age. The usher advanced towards this ponderous folio and by the aid of both hands threw it open. I saw that it blazed with paintings of Heraldic insignia and that the text was all done with the pen instead of being printed.

"Now, Mr. Beufort, if you will explain to me the device you wish to trace?" he said.

"Mr. Beufort looked at me. I felt my heart leap to my throat, my agitation was so great. Now that I was about, perhaps, to decide the mystery of my parentage I felt nearly unequal to the command of my feelings. But as my trepidation was natural, I know that my readers will sympathise in it. With a face from which I felt all the blood had retreated and with a forced composure which my trembling hand belied, I handed him the original sketch made for the carriage-painter in Philadelphia by the gentleman whom I supposed to be my father. He glanced over it with a professional eye and then laying it down repeated as if to himself,

"Eagle *rampant*, serpent couchant—talon grasping the head?" He then turned to the large book and began to throw over the leaves adding, "I ought to know this—seem familiar! Can't think at this moment! Soon see! Very noble family am sure. E, eagle! Here is the letter!"

He then ran his finger along the column of E's and arrested it on the word "Eagle!" I had left my place and was looking over his shoulder. The word was set down several times in conjunction with lions, bears, griffins, and then I read "Eagle and Serpent!"

"Eagle and Serpent," he repeated "page 1000!"

"The Eagle and Serpent is the crest of the House of Marlborough," said an assistant, who was writing at the next desk.

"It is so! I thought I knew it! I should have recognised it at once! But then we have so many, Mr. Beufort, that it is difficult to keep the line of each running in one's mind without confusion!"

I listened with amazement. The coincidence seemed like the voice of an Oracle! There was now no doubt but that the party at Heads and the party who had left me at "The Silver Bottle Inn" was the same, and that their name was Marlborough! But whether they were related to the House of Marlborough spoken of by the assistant, and if so, whether I was their son, was a question that rushed into my mind filling it with distressing doubts, which were by no means diminished by this conversation that followed;

"What Marlborough bears this device?" asked Mr. Beufort with interest.

"The Duke of Marlborough," answered the Usher. "Here," he added, turning the leaves of the folio, "is the representation of the same crest opposite the name of Marlborough. And over

against it you see the shield and full arms of the House!"

"Is there any family in England that bear this crest?" asked Mr. Beufort.

"None. It belongs to the Marlborough's."

"Then any gentleman bearing this you would set down as belonging to this noble family?"

"Unquestionably!"

Mr. Beufort looked towards me and smiled encouragingly and well pleased; but I dare not indulge the hopes struggling with a thousand fears in my bosom.

"Can you tell me who belong to the existing family of the Duke?"

"Every member of it," answered the Herald confidently; turning to another volume and running his eye over a catalogue of initial letters. He then opened to the page to which the list referred, and among numerous names of the House, I discovered, with what emotions I cannot express, that of "FERDINAND RUSSEL, Second son of the Duke of M, born January 26, 1802."

"That is the very person," exclaimed Mr. Beufort. "F. R. M.!" The very initials!"

"But he would not use his title as a third name," I said doubtingly.

"It is often done, though Russel or De Ressele is the sir name of the family, I see here," answered Mr. Beufort. "I think it probable," he added "this is a traveling name. Is this Ferdinand Russel now living?" asked Mr. Beufort of the Usher.

"He is—but I believe resides abroad. Some years ago there was a misunderstanding of some kind between him and his father the Duke, and he has resided out of England ever since!"

"This fact strengthens your cause, sir," said Mr. Beufort, turning to me and grasping my hand. "Further investigation will, I am satisfied, prove your near relationship to this person! To-morrow morning," he added to me as we left the Herald's Hall, not being able to learn any thing further from the Usher, "you shall go with me in my carriage to visit the Duke. I have met him often on committees and am known to him! We will see what we can learn there!"

In the morning, therefore, I shall depart from London on this visit. Its result shall be duly communicated by the next packet.

Yours Truly, "LITTLE MARLBORO'."

CHAPTER XIV.

Marlborough Castle, Northumberland, August 2, 1844.

My last letter, it will be remembered, left me on the eve of my departure for the seat of the Duke of Marlborough in company with my friend Mr. Beufort, for the purpose of following up the investigation which had terminated at the Herald's office. From the date of the present letter, it will be seen that I write from the place to which we were destined. Yes, within the walls and beneath the roof which I firmly believe to belong to the house of my fathers, I address this letter to those who have taken an interest thus far in my fate. With what emotions too I write! With what a trembling of the hand and throbbing of the heart!—Yet all is uncertain and doubtful. Nothing is revealed—nothing established to enable me to decide. Yet enough has been discovered to fill me with hope and to lead me to believe that before twenty-four hours elapse I shall have found out who are my parents!

I write in front of a deep gothic window which looks forth upon an extensive park. A league of

grand old oaks covering dale and upland stretch away before me, with here and there an open lawn in which deer are browsing. Farther away still, peep from between two green hills a tower and a spire, the latter like a needle of silver pointing man to his home above and indicating to him the way. The tower is a huge ancient pile half ruinous and marks the site of what was once a cathedral. In the distance swell up blue misty hills with here and there a sharp bold peak piercing the sky. A glittering river winds through the valley of oaks, and all around is visible one wide scene of beauty. And all this vast domain appertains to the lord of this noble castle, who — but I forbear to anticipate! — Twenty-four hours will reveal all! In twenty four hours all my hopes will be realised or forever crushed!

The room in which I am writing is a noble specimen of the gorgeous chambers of the Elizabethan age. It occupies the interior of a spacious tower, and like that is six sided. It is hung with drapery, which is richly ornamented with the work of the needle, representing field sports, hawking and fishing scenes, and one or two battle subjects in which mounted knights with visors closed are tilting at each other with long lances. The furniture is of a very ancient and imposing character, being of black wood, elaborately carved, the chairs being covered with embroidery. There are little ebony secretaries inlaid with ivory, beaufets, bureaux, desks, supported by the feet of lions, and other articles for which I have no name, all of curious forms and of the most antique and elaborate style of construction. There is in particular a large chair in which I am now seated, the back of which rises high above the head and projects over the sitter in the form of a canopy surmounted by a dual crown. Upon the crown is perched an eagle of gold, holding in his talons a serpent which he seems to be in the act of strangling. When I compare the device upon the Silver Bottle, which I always carry with me, and now have before me upon the table with this, I cannot describe the emotions that occupy my bosom. The one is the exact counterpart of the other; and it would be more extraordinary if there should be no connection between the two than if there should prove eventually to be the closest; noble as is the proud family which claims this armorial sign, humble as I am without name, country or friends! nay, I have *one* friend, Dame Darwell my kind foster-mother! I have another tried friend too in Mr. Beufort! With what anxious, feverish tumult of hopes and fears do I look forward to the morrow! I will try to banish this solicitude by recording what has past up to this moment.

It was a beautiful morning when we left London. The sun never shone brighter and I looked upon his enlivening presence as a bright harbinger of the future. After getting clear of the thronged streets, and the crowded suburbs, we entered upon a magnificent turnpike along which our four post horses flew at the rate of twelve miles an hour. We were whirled past countless picturesque country seats which lined the road, some half hid in foliage, others open to the view in the midst of some lawn; others buried deeper in the country amid the stately seclusion of olden parks. Some of them were pointed out to me by Mr. Beufort as the summer abodes of several distinguished men, such as Sir Robert Peel, Lord Brougham, the Earl of Lennox, and others. We also passed in the course of the morning "a box," as it is called, where Lord Wellington used to

sojourn for a few weeks of the season, and also the seat of Lord Cornwallis, who surrendered to Washington. We traversed many quiet villages, picturesque and venerable, with moss grown roofs, centurial trees, and ancient churches, looking, as all English villages look, as if it stood as they stand now in the days of King John and bold Robin Hood. There is a repose and an air of rural peace about these old English villages that are peculiarly inviting, and awaken in the bosom of the observer a hundred agreeable emotions of domestic happiness and seclusion. There were no new frame houses, new fences, piles of lumber about the quiet streets, characteristic of all our growing American villages. The English towns look as if they were built and finished hundred of years ago.

I have now an incident to record of the deepest interest to me as every one will acknowledge who has followed me through my adventures. We arrived at noon to dine and change horses at a pretty rural village on the banks of one of the loveliest rivers I ever saw—a river that might have adorned the fields of Eden; for lovelier, greener lawns, more majestic oaks, more secluded groves, more shady copses and sunny uplands, more romantic islands, more enchanting meadows with grazing herds and bounding deer, interspersing and animating all, never have been or will be found on earth!

The inn at which we stopped was a large old rambling pile that had entertained cavalcades of Knights, and as the host informed us, had once in olden times the honor of entertaining Queen Bess and her train. It looked large enough to accommodate a hundred persons, yet it was but one story in height, but it covered with its countless out houses nearly a good English acre. Before the door over which the eaves of the roof projected full eight feet, grew two enormous and most majestic oaks such as Druids in the pagan ages of the Island chose for the scenes of their mystic rites. They flung their gigantic branches not only over two thirds of the moss covered roof of the Inn, but over half the village street. Between them stood a stone pump carved with grotesque visages, and under the spout was a hospitable trough at which a score of traveler's horses might quench their thirst together. The pump bore the date, in quaint old letters, of 1538. On one of the oaks was a plate saying that it was planted in 1375. Every thing in England reminds one of the past. In America all that we behold raises in the mind the idea of the future! These two emotions give complexion to the characteristics which distinguish the two nations.

We alighted from our carriage and entered the Inn. The Host had come out to receive us and to welcome us with a degree of hospitality in his looks, tones and manner that made us feel at home in his house. I am sorry to say that this manner of receiving travelers is peculiar to the landlords of English Inns. At American country Inns the traveler if received at all, is received by the ostler who takes his horse. He enters the bar-room and finds several persons seated about. All stare at him and he looks round for the landlord. Finally he asks for him and one of the persons in his shirt sleeves seated at his ease among the group with his feet upon a barrel, it may be, leisurely gets up and replies that he is the personage, with a look as if he did not like to be intruded upon. On the contrary the English host meets you as you descend from your carriage with a smile, escorts you into

his best room with a pleasant word, politely, and looking as if he really desired to make you comfortable, asks what you will have; and while you remain under his roof he never intermits for a moment his attentions to your comfort. But this is a digression.

We were ushered into a neat, old fashioned parlour with an oaken floor polished like brass; white curtains draped the little ancient windows, and a fire place in which an English ox might lie down without inconvenience, occupied half of one side of the room. Comfortable old-fashioned arm chairs, stuffed or cushioned, stood around inviting the weary traveler to rest his body in their capacious and luxuriant embrace.

We ordered dinner and I walked out to look at the village and survey the exterior of an Inn which I was told by Mr. Beufort was a fine specimen of the old English hotel. As I passed along the front I turned to take a view of its roof with its numerous angular projections, turrets and tower-like elevations, when my eyes were arrested by a female figure in one of the windows. The side of the person was turned to me and a bonnet and veil concealed her face; but my heart bounded with that instinctive recognition in which love is never at fault! I knew that but one person in the world who had that air, attitude and figure! But how could Emma be in England? Yet I was convinced that I beheld her standing in the window. She was in conversation with a gentleman advanced in years. His face was towards me and I saw with increased hope that the features were American. At this moment an empty Post-chaise drew up at the door. She turned and glanced out of the window at it, raising her veil as she did so. It was the lovely face of Emma Field, every lineament of which was engraven upon heart, soul, and memory!

I stood transfixed to the spot without power of motion. I was making an effort to realize that I was waking and not dreaming, for such an unexpected vision in England seemed as if it should belong rather to dreams than the realities of life! She directed her eyes towards me, for I was in full view of the window not ten paces off. Perhaps my attitude of surprise and bewilderment led her to observe me attentively. As I felt her gaze upon me the blood mounted to my cheek and brow! Our eyes met. She recognised me with a start and an exclamation! I saw with deep, unutterable joy that the exclamation was one of pleasurable surprise. She looked a second time, smiled with a blushing, animated countenance, nodded and her lips moved. Her looks nevertheless expressed surprise at beholding me; while mine were bent on her filled with adoration and trembling hopes.

I saw the gentleman address her as if inquiring who I was. I saw a frown darken his brow and he regarded me with a look of cold suspicion. She at the same time moved away from the window without glancing towards me again. I felt most sensitively this conduct. I was aware that I was viewed in the light of an adventurer by the gentleman whom I believed to be her father. Did she also view me in that light? I asked myself as I moved sadly away from the spot. Yet I knew I was not indifferent to her from the look of pleasurable surprise with which she had recognised me.

The Postilions of the coach drawn up at the door now mounted their horses, and at the same moment the American gentleman came forth with a lady I had seen in the coach with Emma in Boston, leaning

upon his arm. Emma was following them attended by Russel Carryl. My pride and natural sensitiveness would have led me to shrink from observation, but a nervous desire to know if she really despised me and wished no longer to recognise one whom I had no doubt she knew to be regarded by men with infamy, led me involuntarily to advance towards her as she was about to enter the Post-chaise. Her foot was upon the step, when she hurriedly glanced around as if in search of some one. Her eyes met mine. They must instinctively have translated their sad and hopeless expression, for she smiled brightly though stealthily upon me with a smile full of hope for me and my love's daring ambition.

The next instant she was borne from my sight seated opposite Russel Carryl! The sight of this young man whose baseness had led me to resign from the Navy, and whom I had even in boyhood battled with on account of Emma Field, the sight of him now in her society and under circumstances which led me to believe that he was her accepted suitor, (yet why that glance and smile of encouragement towards me from the lovely girl?) filled me with emotions of wretchedness that drove me almost to madness! I believed that he was my rival, my successful rival! else why this intimacy and this traveling in the same carriage! But if he was not her suitor I felt that he would so paint me to her whom I loved above all earthly objects that I should be an object of pity if not of contempt in her eyes. Hitherto he had not poisoned her mind against me, else I should never have felt the sunshine of that parting glance thrilling through and warming my soul. He had not recognized me now. For this I was thankful, for I knew I should not be the victim of his malice while they rode.

"Whither were they going?"

This thought no sooner occurred to me than I hastened to inquire in the Inn, and ascertained from the host that he had heard one of the postillions say that they were proceeding to London.

This incident gave a new turn to my thoughts. I confided the circumstance and all the facts to my friend Mr. Beaufort as the only explanation I could give him of my change of manner.

"Fear nothing," he said encouragingly. "You will yet triumph over your enemies and be rewarded with the hand of the maiden you so much prize!"

May his words be prophetic!

I was now more impatient to bring my investigations to a point. The sight of Emma Field had inspired me with new ambition to succeed, dark and cloudy as the horizon of my hopes with respect to her now seemed to me. But I find I must commence a new letter, this having already been extended to an undue length. Yours very truly,

LITTLE MARLBORO'.

[To be Continued.]

MISCELLANY.

A GOOD STORY.

THERE lived lately in one of the mountainous counties in Western Virginia many Dutchmen, and among them, one named Henry Snyder; and there was likewise two brothers called George and Jake Fulwiler—they were all rich, and each owned a mill. Henry Snyder was subject to fits of derangement, but they were not of such a nature as to render him disagreeable to any one. He merely conceived himself to be the Supreme Ruler of the

Universe; and while under the infatuation, had himself a throne built on which he sat to try the cause of all who offended him; and passed them off to heaven or hell, as his humor prompted—he personated both Judge and culprit.

It happened one day that some difficulty occurred between Henry Snyder and the Fulwilers, on account of their mills; when to be avenged, Henry Snyder took along with him a book in which he recorded his judgements, and mounted his throne to try their causes. He was heard to pass the following judgements.

Having prepared himself, (acting as Judge and yet responding for the accused,) he called George Fulwiler.

"Shorge Fulwiler, stand up. What has you been doing in dis lower world?"

"Ah Lort, I dosh not know."

"Well, Shorge Fulwiler, has'nt you got a mill?"

"Yes, Lort, I hash."

"Well, Shorge Fulwiler, didn't you never take too much toll?"

"Yes Lort, I has—when der water was low, and mine stones was dull, I take a little too much toll."

"Well, den, Shorge Fulwiler, you must go to der left, mid der goats."

"Well, Shake Fulwiler, now you stand up. What has you been doin' in dis lower world?"

(The trial proceeded throughout precisely like the former, and with the same result.)

"Now I tries MYSELF. Henry Shnyder? Henry Shnyder! stand up. What has you been doin' in this lower world?"

"Ah! Lort, I does not know."

"Well, Henry Shnyder, hasn't you got a mill?"

"Yes, Lort, I has."

"Well, Henry Shnyder, didn't you never take too much toll?"

"Yes, Lort, I has—when der water was low and mine stones was dull, I has taken a LEETLE too much toll."

"But, Henry Shnyder, vat did you do wid der toll?"

"Ah! Lort, I give it to der poor."

(Pausing.) "Well, Henry Shnyder, you must go to der right mid der sheep; BUT IT IS A TAM'T TIGHT SQUEEZE."

IN HASTE TO SPEND IT.

IN taking one of our walks a few mornings since, we saw a little fellow of some seven or eight years of age, sitting on the fence on the corner of Hamilton and Church streets. It was Saturday—not a school day—and therefore he had a right to be there. As we approached him, he saluted us with, "Good morning, Mr. K." We gave a "good morning my little man," in return, and as he looked happy, we thought we would make him happier. So we felt in our pocket for a copper, found it, and reached it to him. He seized it with eagerness, and without stopping to say "thank you sir," turned on his heel and started on a run.

We walked on towards the Academy, and the little fellow heeled it the other way. As far as we could see him, he kept on a run, no doubt eager to spend his penny for a peach, apple, pear or candy. His case thought we as we mused upon it, is a good illustration of many men, who are as eager to spend their pennies as the child was.

Take the young man working at his trade and earning his dollar or \$1.50 per day, yet how many

such by the use of cigars, beer, juleps, wine, or by money wasted around billiard rooms, ball alleys or the card table, are more easily spending their earnings while they are contracting pernicious habits, than the little boy was when running to spend his penny.

Take the man living upon a salary sufficient to defray all his expenses, and to enable him to lay by something against the hour of sickness and of trial, yet in his eagerness to keep up appearances, by giving a party occasionally, and by dressing himself and family in the top of the mode, just makes the year come round even. That man is spending his pennies as foolishly as the child.

The lazy man, whether in the professions, the mercantile, the agricultural, mechanical or the manufacturing classes is the one of all others who generally spends his pennies with the greatest freedom. He like, the little fellow, will sit in public places and lounge away his time. Yet when he does get his money, and he will get it almost any way except by labor, he will make it fly as if he had thousands in reserve, notwithstanding his pockets are generally empty.

The poor girl who works for a dollar a week, must display every ribbon that she sees worn by the wealthy votary of fashion, and will almost deny herself necessities rather than that her outward appearance shall not be fine—in doing which she is as weak and misguided with her scanty means as was the child.

We would not inculcate a parsimonious sentiment. We would have every one just and liberal to himself and others—have him take reasonable recreation as he passes thro' life, and not hoard for the sake of hoarding. Yet he should live within his means, and strive to lay something by, of his earnings until he has a competency. Every man in the community—no matter what his station—that does not do it—who only thinks of getting and spending, and never carries a serious anxious thought forward to the future, but the moment that means come into his hands that appear to be a surplus, spend them freely for his gratification, and thereby is left as destitute as before, is no wiser than the little fellow was when running himself out of breath to spend his penny.—*Pough. Tel.*

ANECDOTE OF JUDGE DOOLY.

JUDGE DOOLY, of Georgia, was remarkable for his wit, as well as for his other talents. At one place where he attended Court, he was not well pleased with his entertainment at the tavern. On the first day of the Court, a hog under the name of pig, had been cooked whole and laid on the table. No person attacked it. It was brought the next day, and the next, and treated with the same respect; and it was on the table on the day on which the Court adjourned. As the party finished their dinner, Judge Dooly rose from the table and in a solemn manner addressed the Clerk, "Mr Clerk," said he, "dismiss that hog upon his recognizance until the first day of the next Court. He has attended so faithfully during the present term, that I don't think it will be necessary to take any security."

EBONY CONUNDRUMS.

WELL, Mr. Snow I wants to ax you one question."

"Propel it den."

"Why am a grog shop like a counterfeit dollar?"

"Well, Ginger, I gibs dat up."

"Does you gib it up? Kase you can't pass it."

"Yah! yah! nigga, you talk so much 'bout your counterfeit dollars, jist succeed to deform me why a counterfeit dollar is like an apple pie?"

"Oh, I drops the subject and doesn't know nothin' 'bout it."

"Kase it isn't current."

"Oh! de Lord! what a nigga! Why am your head like a bag ob dollars?"

"Go 'way from me—why am it?"

"Kase dere's no sense (cents) in it!"

"Well, you always was the brackest nigga I neber seed—you always will hab de last word.—*Boston Post.*

Ginger, I say why am de Mansion House—dat great hotel ober de way—like one big lumber yard?

"Why am de big Mansion House like a big lumber yard? Ob course me gibbs dat up."

"Wall, Ginger, because dere's a great many boards dere!"—*Ethiopian Serenaders.*

FIXED HABITS.

It is just about in vain for a man somewhat along in life, to alter himself materially—to change fixed habits of year's growth, and long establishment;—he must go on pretty much in the same way and shape. His general habits of life are fixed, and his character is shaped and fixed—fixed by the growth of years; if not it is no character at all. He is like a tree that has attained its full size—a permanent form and bearing. You may lop off a few of the branches and transform it a little in this way; but there is the same trunk, and the same leaning! and essentially the same character. Thus a man may rid himself of a few habits, or modify them somewhat; but his general character remains radically unaltered. Not so with his *reputation*, entirely.—This is a thing not of such permanency and immutability. It is a thing more *apparent*, and less *real*—subject to shades of change from varying positions, and other circumstances. Character is the *substance*—reputation the *shadow*, only—sometimes longer, and sometimes shorter.—How important, then, is care in the growth and formation of habits, since character is but "a bundle of habits," which years have been picking up and combining; and when combined, you may annihilate the composition, but you cannot alter it. It is no easy matter to drop habits; even those that hang most loosely upon the outside. We have an attachment to them, or they have an attachment to us which is not readily separated. They are like an old pair of shoes, which though there are disadvantages attending them, still sit easy—and we are loth to "cast them off." They are like an old hat, which though it has become "*seedy*" and unsightly still its comfortable to our head—and we dread the breaking in of a new one.

PAYING LIKE A SINNER.

SEVERAL years ago, in North Carolina, where it is not customary for the tavern keepers to charge the ministers anything for lodgings and refreshments, a preacher stopped at a tavern one evening, made himself comfortable during the night, and in the morning entered the stage without offering to pay for his accommodations.

The landlord soon came running to the stage, and said:

"There is some one in there who has not settled his bill."

The passengers all said they had, but the

preacher, who said he had understood that he never charged ministers of the gospel anything.

"What! you a minister of the gospel; a man of God," cries the inn-keeper; "you came to my house last night, you sat down at the table without asking a blessing; I lit you up to your room, and you went to bed without praying to your Maker, for I staid there until you had undressed; you rose and washed without prayer, ate your breakfast without saying grace—and, as you came to my house like a sinner, ate and drank like a sinner, you have got to pay like a sinner."

CHINESE PROVERBS.

WHOEVER borrows to build, builds to sell.

Love is all eyes, without one good one.

We never laugh so long, or so loud, as when we would hide our grief.

The true way of enriching ourselves, is by cutting off our wants.

There are no faiths truly fatal but those we neither acknowledge or repair.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"WHAT are you doing my son," said a father to his boy Billy; "Smoking a Sweet Fern cigar, father, I made it." "Throw it away this minute; don't you know that a boy that smokes Sweet Fern, will smoke tobacco; and if he smokes tobacco, he will drink rum; and if he drinks rum, he will lie; and if he lies, he will steal; and if steals, he will murder; and if he murders, he will be hung and go to—Texas?"

DIFFERENCE IN CORDS.

A Scotch parson, in his prayer, said:—"Lord bless the grand council, the parliament, and grant they may hang together." A country fellow standing by remarked, "Yes, yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better—and I'm sure it is the prayer of all good people." "But friends," said the parson, "I don't mean as that fellow does, but pray they may all hang together in accord and concord." "No matter what cord," replied the other, "so 'tis but a *strong cord*."

AN ELOQUENT INAUGURAL.—A western editor has the following burst of passion in his prospectus: "Devotion to the land that gave me birth, and the glorious principles under which I have been reared, has forced me into the ranks of her illustrious champions. I shall continue to defend her rights, unawed by power, unseduced by wealth. But if the cash don't begin to come in, darn'd if I don't have to slope."

TOO OBSERVANT.—"Father, I heard you say in the railroad car yesterday, that you are in favor of low *fairs*," "I am." "I thought so, for I saw you kissing our short servant girl this morning."

"Now, children," said a schoolmaster, "remember what I have told you. All the misery which afflicts the world, arose from the fact that Eve stole an apple and divided it with Adam." "Gosh," said a tow-headed urchin, "what a pity it hadn't been our Sal. She's such a stingy critter that whenever she steals an apple, she eats the whole on't herself."

"Aw, John, my uncle has been in New-York, and youn hain't." "Well, what of that—my uncle has been in jail, and youn hain't."

"Bless me," said an old lady as she read—"All hail Missouri!" at the head of an article in one of the political newspapers; "bless me! haint they a very late spring, it hails there yet?"

"TOMMY, my son, what is longitude?" "A clothes' line, daddy." "How do they make that out?" "Because it stretches from pole to pole."

"JIM, do you believe in ghosts?" asked a fellow yesterday of another, who was taking a brandy julap, at a rum shop. "No" replied Jim, "but I do in spirits."

"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "did you ever read of the plague in London?" "No, I don't want to read it. It is enough to have a plague in my own house." Impudent fellow!

"You measure me by the *rod*," said a school-boy to his master. "Yes, and by the *foot*, too," was the reply, accompanied by a movement that raised him at least an inch.

An apothecary has written over his door: "All kinds of *dying* stuffs sold here!" Very candid.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

L. B. W. Falley X Roads, Ms. \$1.00; L. S. W. Lyons, N. Y. \$1.25; J. H. J. Goshen, N. Y. \$4.00; J. M. C. Millport, N. Y. \$1.00; J. G. S. Galway, N. Y. \$5.00; H. L. Great Barrington, Ms. \$0.75; W. H. Cross River, N. Y. \$7.00; H. E. B. Whitehall, N. Y. \$1.00; S. C. Plymouth, N. Y. \$3.00; A. H. C. Port Jervis, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. H. Deansville, N. Y. \$3.00; Mrs. J. A. N. South Egremont, Ms. \$1.00; N. B. C. Harmony, N. Y. \$7.00; A. M. Canisteo, N. Y. \$1.00; C. R. Lancaster, Ms. \$3.00; C. B. New Milford, Ct. \$3.00; N. S. C. Edenburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; H. L. W. Caledonia, Ill. \$1.00; P. M. Ausable Forks, N. Y. \$5.00; L. M. W. Almond, N. Y. \$1.00; C. W. T. Lowell, Ms. \$2.00; W. G. New-York, \$3.00; A. S. R. Waterbury, Vt. \$5.00; M. D. Salisbury Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; L. F. A. Evansville, Ind. \$1.00; D. S. Clockville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. D. Gilboa, N. Y. \$3.50; E. B. Greene, N. Y. \$1.00.



In this city, on the 29th ult. by the Hon. Mayor, C. Curtis, Mr. Cyrus Macy, to Miss Harriet J. Billings, all of this city.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. J. D. Fonda, Mr. Robert Siddle, to Miss Maria Potts.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. E. Crawford, Mr. Jacob A. Decker, to Miss Marietta Jeffers, both of Staynesant Falls.

At Pleasant Valley, Dutchess County, on the 11st ult. after the order of the Society of Friends, Ethan Browning, of Livingston, to Anna P. Clapp, of the former place.

In Catskill, on Sunday evening, the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Murdock, Mr. Alfred Jenkins, of New-York, to Miss Julia Tripet, of Catskill.

In New-York, on the 18th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Hardenburgh Mr. Isaac Bloom, to Miss Josephine Comfort, both of Catskill.

At Athens, N. Y. on the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Mallaby, Capt. Stephen R. Roe, of N. E. to Mrs. Josephine Tully, of the former place.



On the 22d ult. Mary Baily, aged 21 years.

On the 31st ult. Wm. A. son of Wm. A. and Catharine Bunker, aged 9 months and 15 days.

At New-York, on the 25th ult. Julia F. daughter of James and Julia F. Hommedien, aged 6 years, 1 month and 24 days.

In Catskill, on the 30th ult. Mary, daughter of Reuben R. Pennoyer, aged 19 years.

In Kinderhook, on the 23d ult. Miss Matilda Metcalf, eldest daughter of Silas and Susan D. Metcalf, in the 18th year of her age.

At Channan 4 Corners, on the 12th of August last, of consumption, Lavinia R. daughter of Samuel H. Salls, aged 25 years. The deceased possessed in an eminent degree the esteem and confidence of all who knew her; mild and amiable in her disposition, she has passed through her journey of life leaving a large circle of friends to mourn her loss, in all the relations of life—as a daughter, sister, friend and christian—she adorned her profession with purity and truth. During her protracted illness she exhibited the greatest patience; and a cheerful resignation to the will of God marked her last hours. She has passed from the troublous scenes of this transitory life, to a bright and blissful immortality.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. S. Y. S.

Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

ON THE DEATH OF FERDINAND G. COFFIN.

WHEN years have scathed the tottering frame,
And dimmed the lustre of the eye;
When feebly burns life's flickering flame,
And pleasure's hours have all flown by;
When few enjoyments earth can bring
Death seems divested of his sting.

But when he comes in manhood's dawn,
When all around is joyous—gay;
When hope is smiling and her morn
Seems heralding a happy day,
O! then Death's messenger appears
Attended with unwonted fears!

'Twas thus he came, to Ferdinand,
While life had many a charm to cheer,
And summoned him with stern command,
When least he deemed his presence near;
He came! no earthly arm could save—
He claimed his victim for the grave!

O may the Power that rules on high,
The balm of consolation send,
To dry the tear, to hush the sigh
Of many a dear, afflicted friend;
And may bereaved companions feel
That He who caused the wound can heal. VALGIUS.

For the Rural Repository.

MARY H—.

WHEN, I would by the muse inclined,
Breathe out those thoughts by love refined,
That lives within this faithful heart;
What, thinkest thee Mary but thyself,
Thou little, charming, saucy elf,
Could wake in me the poet's art?

Not waving fields, or forests green,
Or gorgeous landscapes changeless scene,
Or glowing canvases, so like life,
Ningra Falls, nor Ocean's lashed
Ships on unseen breakers dashed,
Nor all the elements in strife.

But when I would the sacred fire
Cause bright to blaze with pure desire,
And things of Earth soar far above,
I'd gaze in rapture on thy face,
Would clasp thy form of every grace,
And feel thy beating throb of love.

Oh! if on Earth there's greater worth,
Of wealth, of heritage, or birth
Than thine, I would not wish to know it.
Thy love to me is all of life,
Without 'twould be eternal strife,
Then Mary, on your — bestow it.

Ithaca, N. Y. 1845. *****

For the Rural Repository.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARY PENNOYER,
Who died in Catskill, Oct. 30th 1845, aged 19 years.

"She was one of heavenly brightness,
Pure as the crimson blush of day;
But like to others born of Earth,
Her spirit passed away."

SHE has gone to the grave, in the morning of life,
Like a tender flower blasted while opening to bloom,
She's gone, and is freed from the troubles of earth,
And the angels of heaven have beckoned her home.
She has gone to the grave in the morning of life,
Like the fall of a leaf at mid-summer's day—
While the bright glow of youth encircled her brow,
Her spirit from earth has been summoned away.

She has gone to the grave in the morning of life,
And though her body lies slumbering beneath the cold sod
Her spirit immortal has soared to the skies
And sank to its rest in the bosom of God.

She has gone to the grave in the morning of life
And died as she lived in the fear of the Lord
She followed the Savior—his precepts obeyed,
And now she has gone to reap her reward.

She has gone to the grave, in the morning of life
And yielded herself to Death's icy embrace,
And she slumbers as sweetly and calmly as when
The sweet sleep of nature stole over her face.
She has gone to the grave in the morning of life
When the bright star of promise shone full on her way,
And just when her sky was brightest and clearest
The destroyer had marked her as one of his prey.

She has gone to the grave in the morning of life
And her last sad adieus with her friends have been spoken,
She has gone to the grave—fond ties have been severed
And the chords of affection and love have been broken.
She has gone to the grave in the morning of life,
Ere the chill frosts of time on her brow had been pressed,
And with faith in her Savior both firm and abiding
Her spirit has soared to its mansions of rest.
Hudson, Nov. 5, 1845. CLIFTON.

For the Rural Repository.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

How pleasant in the morn of life, Life's joyous early spring,
When nature's plants are shining forth in their early blossoming,
When Wisdom's light is breaking in her first bright dawning
ray,
And Reason o'er the infant mind extends her gentle sway.

Then, then are formed the habits, which in distant future years,
We may think of oft with joy, or remember with our tears;
For the earliest impressions of Virtue or of Vice,
Are impressed upon the youthful mind, which time cannot
efface.

How oft the paths of virtue are forsaken and passed by,
Yet she gives us happiness, if we seek her fervently;
Of the cares of Life's drear pilgrimage she will our spirits ease,
For "her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are
peace."

Vice stings us in our pleasures, while Virtue in our pain,
Consoles the weary, sorrowful, while on Life's dreary plains,
A gem the Christian values, as a pearl of matchless price,
Which oft 'mid tears and sorrow, comes in Religion's guise.

With temptation e'er before us, by their weakness many fall,
Vice dwells alike in cottages and in Pleasure's dazzling hall;
The "high and gifted" too, are in virtue's praise sublime,
While they themselves are falling, in this lost degraded time.

Too often oh! too often are their aspirations given,
Where the spirit of vice reigneth, beneath the curse of heaven;
They may feel joy for a season, soon earthly pleasures cloy,
As in their past enjoyments they see its vanity.

O Virtue! be thou ever my constant guide and friend,
Hear my prayer sincere and constant as I at thine altar bend;
Be thy presence ever near me, in dark temptation's hour,
For thy lustre and thy radiance withstands the tempter's power!

In youth let Virtue's temple be found in every heart,
Wherever there's a worshipper vice will e'er depart;
To the heart so sad and sorrowful she giveth joy and light,
And a bright and pleasant morning dawns on sorrow's darkest
night! C.

Bethlehem, Ct. Sept. 29, 1845.

For the Rural Repository.

TO MISS HARRIETT A. B.

THINK of me! When?

In the morning hour when all is bright
And music fills the air,
And Hope reveling in delight,
Lifts up thy soul in prayer—
Think of me then!

Think of me! When?

In the silent hour at evening's close—
When sitting all alone,
Thy thoughts are upon future days,
And hearts that may be won—
Think of me then!

Think of me! When?

At midnight hour when music's swell—
Comes faintly to thine ear,
And softly mingling with thy dreams

Scarce waking thee to hear,
Think of me then!

Think of me! When?
In the lonely hour when hearts grow cold,
Wouldst know one true to thee—
Whose fondest wish is for thy weal,
Who never false can be—
Think of me then!

ERASTUS.

Detroit, Mich. Sept. 1845.

BOOK BINDING.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Public, that he has established in connection with his Printing Office a Bookbinding, and has employed a competent Bookbinder to carry it on, and now is prepared to execute all orders for the binding of

BOOKS, PERIODICALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

in the neatest, cheapest and most durable manner.

The RURAL REPOSITORY, will be bound with leather backs and corners, in as good style, if not better, than they ever have been done in this city, at 50 Cents for two Volumes bound together, and in Cloth for 37½ Cents. Single Volumes, from 31 to 37½ Cents.

N. B. Please Call and try us, *Up Stairs*, in the Printing Office.

W. B. STODDARD.

Hudson, September 8, 1845.

The oldest Literary Paper in the United States.

RURAL REPOSITORY

Vol. 22, Commencing Sept. 13, 1845.

EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

Price \$1—Clubs from 50 to 75 Cents.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be devoted to Polite Literature; containing Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biographies, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. The first Number of the *Twenty-Second Volume* of the RURAL REPOSITORY will be issued on Saturday the 13th of September, 1845.

The character and design of the Rural Repository being so generally known, it would seem almost superfluous to offer any thing further; but, we are induced to submit to the public two paragraphs containing condensed extracts from notices of the "Repository," published in various Journals, throughout the United States, in the room of praising ourselves as some are under the necessity of doing.

"It is devoted to Polite Literature, and no where in the United States, is it excelled for neatness of typographical execution, or in appropriate and useful selections. As an elegant specimen of letter-press printing it stands without a rival, and it may be said, in truth, to be a specimen of the 'art preservative of all arts.' It has outlived many a flaunting city rival, 'Mirrors,' and 'Gems,' and 'Caskets,' (gaudy as butterflies, and about as long lived), and now if the 'Repository' does not outshine the last novelties, it will survive them, and charm many a reader after their titles are forgotten. Its columns are filled with agreeable and interesting miscellany, well calculated to interest and instruct the young of both sexes; and the good taste and discrimination of its editor is evinced, in the total exclusion of those long and pointless productions which lumber up the columns of the 'mammoth' sheets of New-York and Philadelphia. In short, we know of no Journal of similar character, better calculated to cheer and enliven the family circle.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, containing twenty six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. It will also be embellished with numerous Engravings, and consequently it will be one of the neatest, cheapest, and best literary papers in the country.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR per annum, *invariably in advance*. We have a few copies of the 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st volumes, and any one sending for the 22d volume, can have as many copies of either of these volumes as they wish at the same rate. Those who send \$5 or \$7, for a club, can have their choice of one of the above mentioned Volumes (gratis); those who send \$10 or \$15, their choice of two; and those who send \$20 and over, their choice of three.

Clubs! Clubs!! Clubs!!!

All those who will send us the following amounts in one remittance, shall receive as stated below, viz:

Four	Copies for \$3.00	Twenty Four Copies for \$15.00
Seven	do. \$5.00	Thirty do. \$18.00
Ten	do. \$7.00	Thirty-Five do. \$20.00
Fifteen	do. \$10.00	Forty do. \$22.00
Twenty	do. \$13.00	Fifty do. \$25.00

No subscription received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers during the year until the edition is out, unless otherwise ordered.

Names of subscribers with the amount of Subscription to be sent as soon as possible to the publisher.

WILLIAM B. STODDARD

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1845.